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# SHAKESPEARE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

*VOLUME TWO*

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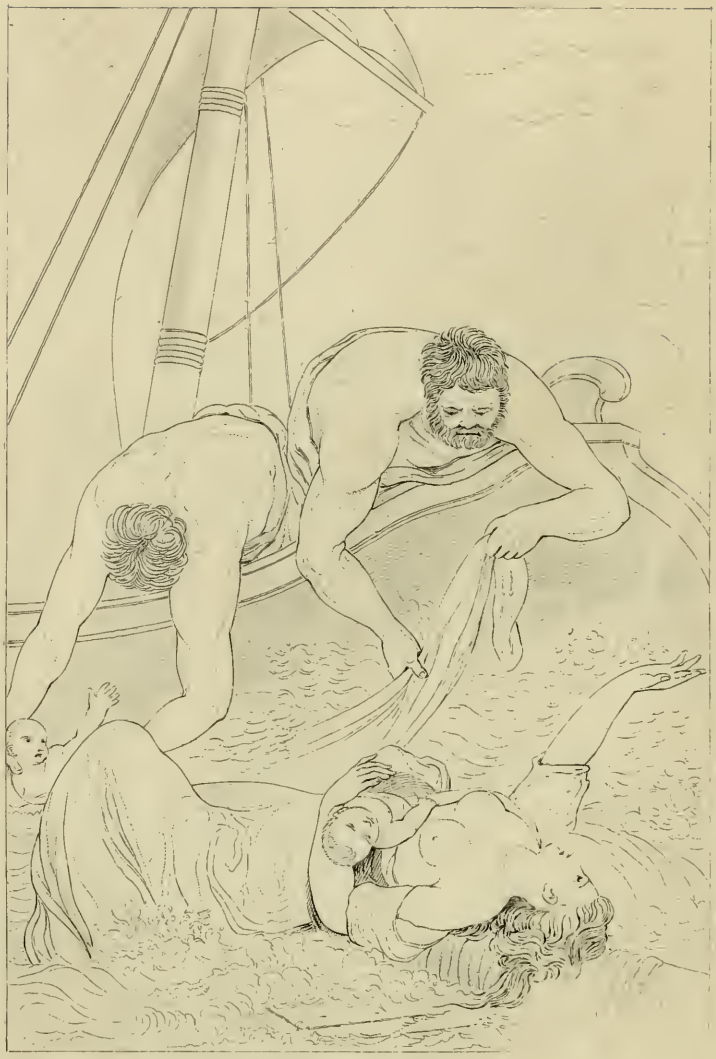

COMEDY OF ERRORS

*Egeon Wife ,Children &c.*

*Act I. Scene I*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

STORM AT SEA; EMILIA AND INFANTS DROWNING.

After the Painting by Wheatley.

*COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

*STORM AT SEA; EMILIA AND INFANTS DROWNING.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

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# THE WORKS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M. A., AND

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M. A.

WITH 171 ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AFTER THE BOYDELL ILLUSTRATIONS; AND SIXTY-FOUR PHOTOGRAVURES CHIEFLY FROM LIFE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

*VOLUME TWO*

PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE BARRIE & SON, PUBLISHERS

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# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus.
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,
} twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Æmilia.

DROMIO of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse,
} twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.
ANGELO, a goldsmith.
First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.
PINCH, a school master.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
LUCIANA, her sister.
LUCE, servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Ephesus.*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Messrs. Longman and Company as also

Two Drawings.

*THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

*Messrs. Robson and Cranc as the Two Dromios.*

# *The Comedy of Errors.*

## ACT I.

### Scene I. *A hall in the* Duke's *palace.*

*Enter* Duke, Ægeon, Gaoler, Officers, *and other* Attendants.

*Æge.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
*Duke.* Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who wanting guilders* to redeem their lives *Coins.
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,† †Disposal.
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
*Æge.* Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
*Duke.* Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home

And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap* been bad. *Fortune.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions* for our home return: *Solicitations.
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

*Duke.* Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

*Æge.* O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,

Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
*Duke.* And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
*Æge.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.
*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.
*Gaol.* I will, my lord.
*Æge.* Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,* *Go.
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The Mart.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, *and* First Merchant.

*First Mer.* Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.
*Ant. S.* Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.
*Dro. S.* Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?
*First Mer.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,

Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.
*Ant. S.* Farewell till then: I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city.
*First Mer.* Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*Enter* DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?
*Dro. E.* Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast;
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default to-day.
*Ant. S.* Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
*Dro. E.* O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.
*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.
*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70
*Dro. E.* To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.
*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce* of yours *Head.
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed: 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face, 91
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit.*

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught* of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage, *Overreached.
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
*Luc.* Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?
*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o' door.
*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
*Luc.* O, know he is the bridle of your will.
*Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so.
*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

*Enter* DROMIO of Ephesus.

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain!
*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
''Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'
*Luc.* Quoth who?
*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.
*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.
*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.
*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures.* My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.†

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
†Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!
[*Exeunt.*

*Disfigurement.

†Decoy.

## SCENE II. *A public place.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

*Enter* Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? 10
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams. 31
If you will jest with me, know my aspect
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.* *Head.

*Dro. S.* Sconce call you it? so you would leave

battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head and insconce* it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

*Fortify.

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,

When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir! for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir; what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir.

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?
*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.
*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?
*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.
*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.
*Dro. S.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.
*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer; the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.
*Ant. S.* For what reason?
*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.
*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.
*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.
*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.*
*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.
*Ant. S.* Name them.
*Dro. S.* The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.
*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.
*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.
*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.
*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.
*Ant. S.* I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

*Deceptive.

*Enter* Adriana *and* Luciana.

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.
*Ant. S.* By Dromio?
*Dro. S.* By me?
*Adr.* By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.
*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration.
*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.
*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.
*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath or pinch us black and blue.
*Luc.* Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am I not?
*Ant. S.* I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.
*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.
*Luc.* If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say and persever so
And in this mist at all adventures go.
*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene I. *Before the house of* Antipholus of Ephesus.

*Enter* Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

*Ant. E.* Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet* *Necklace.
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart and that I beat him
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.
*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.
*Ant. E.* You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.
*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
*Ant. E.* O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] Mome,* malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!† *Stupid fellow. †Mean fellow.

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?* *Own.

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle* blame. *Much.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name or thy name for an ass.

*Luce.* [*Within*] What a coil* is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate? *Tumult.

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luce.* [*Within*] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* [*Within*] Have at you with another; that's—When? can you tell?

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

*Luce.* [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] And you said no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luce.* [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luce.* [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

*Luce.* [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60

*Adr.* [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

*Adr.* [*Within*] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

*Ant. E.* Go fetch me something: I'll break ope* the gate. *Open.

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

*Dro. E.* A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

*Dro. E.* Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

*Dro. S.* [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

*Ant. E.* Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

*Dro. E.* A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

*Ant. E.* Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!

Herein you war against your reputation

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made* against you.

Be ruled by me: depart in patience, *Barred.
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

*Ant. E.* Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's* orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger; *Modesty's.
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.*

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

*Dro. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot than

from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America, the Indies?

*Dro. S.* Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks* to be ballast at her nose.

*Large ships.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured* to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amazed ran from her as a witch:

*Betrothed.

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal† dog and made me turn i' the wheel.

†Cur.

*Ant. S.* Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.
*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song

*Enter* ANGELO *with the chain.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholus,—
*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.
*Ang.* I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
*Ant. S.* What is your will that I shall do with this?
*Ang.* What pleases yourself, sir: I have made it for you.
*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you
And then receive my money for the chain.
*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*
*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I. *A public place.*

*Enter* Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

*Sec. Mer.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia and want guilders* for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach† you by this officer.

*Coins. †Seize.

*Ang.* Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing* to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus *from the Courtezan's.*

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

*Accruing.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope. [*Exit.*

*Ant. E.* A man is well holp* up that trusts to you;
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

*Helped.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.
*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
*Ant. E.* No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.
*Ang.* Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
*Ant. E.* Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.
*Sec. Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.
*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!
*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.
*Ang.* Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain or send me by some token.
*Ant. E.* Fie, now you run this humour out of breath,
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

*Sec. Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
*Ant. E.* I answer you! what should I answer you?
*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the chain.
*Ant. E.* I owe you none till I receive the chain.
*Ang.* You know I gave it you half an hour since.
*Ant. E.* You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.
*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
*Sec. Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
*Off.* I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
*Ang.* This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.
*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
*Off.* I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
*Ant. E.* I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

*Enter* Dromio of Syracuse, *from the bay.*

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,* sir,
I have convey'd aboard and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

*Freight.

Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
*Ant. E.* How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.*
*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
*Dro. S.* You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

*Passage.

## SCENE II. *The house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

*Enter* ADRIANA *and* LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
*Luc.* First he denied you had in him no right.
*Adr.* He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

*Luc.* Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.
*Adr.* And what said he?
*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
*Adr.* Didst speak him fair?
*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.
*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,* *Dry.
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical† in making, worse in mind. †Deformed.
*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
*Adr.* Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

*Enter* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?
*Dro. S.* By running fast.
*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
†A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgement carries poor souls to hell.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?

*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?

*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.

*Dro. S.* O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt and owes more than he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Re-enter* Luciana *with a purse.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III. *A public place.*

*Enter* Antipholus of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter* Dromio of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris*-pike. *Moorish.

*Ant. S.* What, thou meanest an officer?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed and says 'God give you good rest!'

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a* Courtezan.

*Cour.* Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

*Dro. S.* Master, is this Mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.

*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me;' that's as much to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.
*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
*Dro. S.* 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
*Cour.* Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV. *A street.*

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the* Officer.

*Ant. E.* Fear me not, man; I will not break away:

I'il give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly* trust the messenger. *Easily.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

*Enter* DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

*Dro. E.* Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

*Ant. E.* But where's the money?

*Dro. E.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. E.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dro. E.* I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

*Ant. E.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*Dro. E.* To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

*Ant. E.* And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dro. E.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good, now, hold thy tongue.

*Dro. E.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. E.* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

*Dro. E.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. E.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows.

When I am cold, he heats me with beating, when I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Ant. E.* Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

*Enter* Adriana, Luciana, *the* Courtezan, *and* Pinch.

*Dro. E.* Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, †the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

*Ant. E.* Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

*Cour.* How say you now? is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

*Luc.* Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

*Cour.* Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

*Pinch.* Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. E.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

*Pinch.* I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

*Ant. E.* Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

*Adr.* O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

*Ant. E.* You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face

*COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

*ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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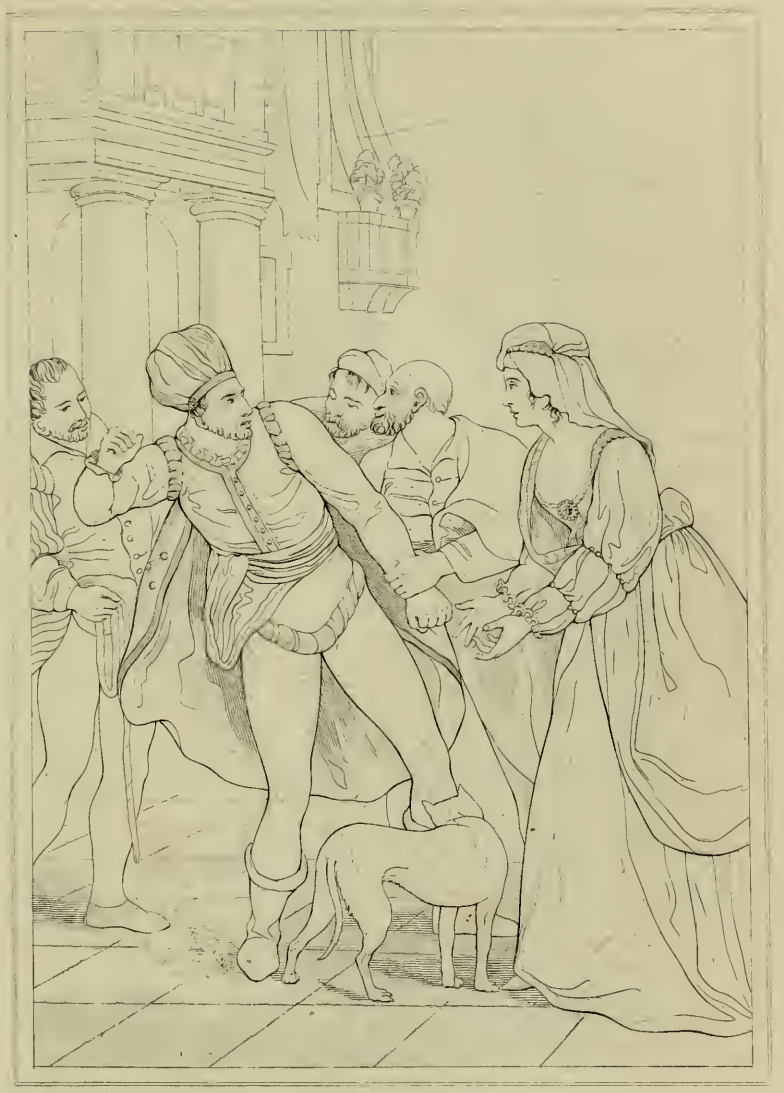


Wheatley del.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

*Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio, Courtezan &c.*

*A. IV*

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?
*Adr.* O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!
*Ant. E.* Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?
*Dro. E.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
*Ant. E.* Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?
*Dro. E.* Perdie,* your doors were lock'd and you shut out.
*Ant. E.* And did not she herself revile me there?
*Dro. E.* Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.
*Ant. E.* Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt and scorn me?
*Dro. E.* Certes,* she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.
*Ant. E.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?
*Dro. E.* In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
*Adr.* Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?
*Pinch.* It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.
*Ant. E.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
*Adr.* Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
*Dro. E.* Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.
*Ant. E.* Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
*Adr.* He came to me and I deliver'd it.
*Luc.* And I am witness with her that she did.

*Par dieu.
*Certainly.

*Dro. E.* God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
*Pinch.* Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.
*Ant. E.* Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
*Adr.* I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
*Dro. E.* And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
*Ant. E.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.*

*Adr.* O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
*Pinch.* More company! The fiend is strong within him.
*Luc.* Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
*Ant. E.* What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
*Off.* Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
*Pinch.* Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
*Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
*Off.* He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be required of me.
*Adr.* I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
*Ant. E.* O most unhappy strumpet!
*Dro. E.* Master, I am here entered in bond for you.
*Ant. E.* Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
*Dro. E.* Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry 'The devil!'
*Luc.* God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
*Adr.* Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me. [*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*]
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
*Adr.* I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
*Off.* Two hundred ducats.
*Adr.* Say, how grows it due?
*Off.* Due for a chain your husband had of him.
*Adr.* He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
*Cour.* When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
*Adr.* It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *with his rapier drawn, and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Luc.* God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
*Adr.* And come with naked swords.
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
*Off.* Away! they'll kill us.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

*Ant. S.* I see these witches are afraid of swords.

*Dro. S.* She that would be your wife now ran from you.

*Ant. S.* Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff* from thence: I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

*Dro. S.* Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm; you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

*Ant. S.* I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

*Baggage.

## ACT V.

### Scene I. *A street before a Priory.*

*Enter* Second Merchant *and* Angelo.

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

*Sec. Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Sec. Mer.* Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter* Antipholus of Syracuse *and* Dromio of Syracuse.

*Ang.* 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

*Ant. S.* I think I had; I never did deny it.

*Sec. Mer.* Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

*Ant. S.* Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

*Sec. Mer.* These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. S.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

*Sec. Mer.* I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, *and others.*

*Adr.* Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

*Dro. S.* Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

*Enter the* Lady Abbess.

*Abb.* Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

*Ang.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

*Sec. Mer.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
*Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
*Abb.* You should for that have reprehended him.
*Adr.* Why, so I did.
*Abb.* Ay, but not rough enough.
*Adr.* As roughly as my modesty would let me.
*Abb.* Haply, in private.
*Adr.* And in assemblies too.
*Abb.* Ay, but not enough.
*Adr.* It was the copy* of our conference:
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
*Abb.* And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

*Theme.

In food, in sport and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.
*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.
*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.
*Adr.* Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
*Abb.* Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying* it. *Attempting.
*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney* but myself; *Agent.
And therefore let me have him home with me.
*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal* man again: *Regular.
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.
*Adr.* I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.
*Abb.* Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*
*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
*Adr.* Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
*Sec. Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry* execution, *Dismal.

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
*Ang.* Upon what cause?
*Sec. Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
*Ang.* See where they come: we will behold his death.
*Luc.* Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter* DUKE, *attended;* ÆGEON *bareheaded; with the* Headsman *and other* Officers.

*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.
*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!
*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important* letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order† for the wrongs I went
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent on us
Chased us away, till raising of more aid
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:

*Importunate.
†Measures.

*COMEDY OF ERRORS.*

*SCENE BEFORE THE PRIORY.*

*After the Painting by Rigaud.*

SCENE BEFORE THE PRIORY.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

After the Painting by Arlaud.

Pinaud del. Starling sc.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

*Merchant, Angelo, Lady Abbess, Adriana &c*

*Act V. Scene I.*

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.
*Duke.* Long since thy husband served me in my wars,
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row* and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool,
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

*In a row.

*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!
*Duke.* Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!
*Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus.

*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
*Æge.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.
*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
*Duke.* A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?
*Adr.* No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!
*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
*Ang.* O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised* what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady†-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd‡ with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;

*Considerate.
†Violent.

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine, ‡Confederate.
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living-dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee or no?

*Ang.* He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

*Sec. Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him
After you first forswore it on the mart:
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.
*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach* is this! *Impeachment.
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?
*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
*Cour.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
*Duke.* Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated or stark mad.
[*Exit one to the Abbess.*
*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.
*Æge.* I am sure you both of you remember me.
*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life till now.
*Æge.* O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
*Ant. E.* Neither.
*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?
*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.
*Æge.* I am sure thou dost.
*Dro. E.* Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
*Æge.* Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.
*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. E.* The duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Re-enter* Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*
*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.
*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.
*Ant. S.* Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
*Dro. S.* O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.

What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.
*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
*Dro. E.* And I with him.
*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me today?
*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.
*Adr.* And are not you my husband?
*Ant. E.* No; I say nay to that.
*Ant. S.* And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
*Ang.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
*Dro. E.* No, none by me.
*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I received from you
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.
*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.
*Duke.* It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The duke, my husband and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!
*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast. [*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*
*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
*Dro. S.* Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
*Ant. S.* He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*
*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.
*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?
*Dro. S* We'll draw cuts* for the senior: till then lead thou first.
*Dro. E.* Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

*Lots.

# *Much Ado About Nothing.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, prince of Arragon.
DON JOHN, his bastard brother.
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.
LEONATO, governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his brother.
BALTHASAR, attendant on Don Pedro.
CONRADE, BORACHIO, } followers of Don John.
FRIAR FRANCIS.
DOGBERRY, a constable.
VERGES, a headborough.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, URSULA, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Messina.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice.

*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

*Miss Ellen Terry as Beatrice.*

# *Much Ado About Nothing.*

## ACT I.

### Scene I. *Before* Leonato's *house.*

*Enter* Leonato, Hero, *and* Beatrice, *with a* Messenger.

*Leon.* I learn in this letter that Don Peter of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

*Mess.* He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

*Leon.* How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

*Mess.* But few of any sort, and none of name.

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Peter hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

*Mess.* Much deserved on his part and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath indeed better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

*Leon.* He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

*Mess.* I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!

*Beat.* I pray you, is Signior Mountanto returned from the wars or no?

*Mess.* I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

*Leon.* What is he that you ask for, niece?

*Hero.* My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

*Mess.* O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

*Beat.* He set up his bills here in Messina and challenged Cupid at the flight;* and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.† I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

*Mode of practising archery. †Bolt shot from a cross-bow at birds.

*Leon.* Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

*Mess.* He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

*Beat.* You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

*Mess.* And a good soldier too, lady.

*Beat.* And a good soldier to a lady: but what is he to a lord?

*Mess.* A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

*Beat.* It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

*Leon.* You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

*Beat.* Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits* went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

*Senses.

*Mess.* Is't possible?

*Beat.* Very easily possible: he wears his faith

but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

*Mess.* I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

*Beat.* No; an* he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer† now that will make a voyage with him to the devil? *If. †Quarreller.

*Mess.* He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

*Beat.* O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere a' be cured.

*Mess.* I will hold friends with you, lady. 91

*Beat.* Do, good friend.

*Leon.* You will never run mad, niece.

*Beat.* No, not till a hot January.

*Mess.* Don Pedro is approached.

*Enter* DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* BALTHASAR.

*D. Pedro.* Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

*Leon.* Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides and happiness takes his leave.

*D. Pedro.* You embrace your charge too willingly. I think this is your daughter.

*Leon.* Her mother hath many times told me so.

*Bene.* Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

*Leon.* Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

*D. Pedro.* You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself. Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

*Bene.* If Signior Leonato be her father, she

would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

*Beat.* I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

*Bene.* What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

*Beat.* Is it possible disdain should die while she hath such meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

*Bene.* Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

*Beat.* A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

*Bene.* God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape* a predestinate scratched face.

*Escape.

*Beat.* Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such a face as yours were.

*Bene.* Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

*Beat.* A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, i' God's name; I have done.

*Beat.* You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

*D. Pedro.* That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer. I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

*Leon.* If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. [*To Don John*] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

*D. John.* I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

*Leon.* Please it your grace lead on?

*D. Pedro.* Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.*

*Claud.* Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

*Bene.* I noted her not; but I looked on her.

*Claud.* Is she not a modest young lady?

*Bene.* Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgement; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

*Claud.* No; I pray thee speak in sober judgement.

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

*Claud.* Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her.

*Bene.* Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

*Claud.* Can the world buy such a jewel?

*Bene.* Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

*Claud.* In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

*Bene.* I can see yet without spectacles and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

*Claud.* I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

*Bene.* Is't come to this? In faith, hath not

the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you.

*Re-enter* Don Pedro.

*D. Pedro.* What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

*Bene.* I would your grace would constrain me to tell.

*D. Pedro.* I charge thee on thy allegiance.

*Bene.* You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man; I would have you think so; but, on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance. He is in love. With who? now that is your grace's part. Mark how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

*Claud.* If this were so, so were it uttered.

*Bene.* Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 'twas not so, but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

*Claud.* If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

*D. Pedro.* Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

*Claud.* You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, I speak my thought.

*Claud.* And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Bene.* And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

*Claud.* That I love her, I feel.

*D. Pedro.* That she is worthy, I know.

*Bene.* That I neither feel how she should be loved nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

*Claud.* And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will.

*Bene.* That a woman conceived me, I thank

her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat* winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle† in an invisible baldrick,‡ all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a bachelor.

*Tune sounded to call off the dogs. †Hunting horn. ‡Girdle.

*D. Pedro.* I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

*Bene.* With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

*D. Pedro.* Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

*Bene.* If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.*

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try:
'In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.'

*Bene.* The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write 'Here is good horse to hire,' let them signify under my sign 'Here you may see Benedick the married man.'

*Name of a famous archer.

*Claud.* If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.*

*Brain-mad.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

*Bene.* I look for an earthquake too, then.

*D. Pedro.* Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the meantime, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation.

*Bene.* I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

*Claud.* To the tuition of God: From my house, if I had it,—

*D. Pedro.* The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

*Bene.* Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometime guarded* with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you.

*Trimmed. [*Exit.*

*Claud.* My liege, your highness now may do me good.

*D. Pedro.* My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

*Claud.* Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

*D. Pedro.* No child but Hero; she's his only heir.
Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

*Claud.* O, my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

*D. Pedro.* Thou wilt be like a lover presently
And tire the hearer with a book of words.
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,
And I will break with her and with her father
And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this end
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

*Claud.* How sweetly you do minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.
Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night:
I will assume thy part in some disguise
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale;
Then after to her father will I break;
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine.
In practice let us put it presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

*Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO, *meeting.*

*Leon.* How now, brother! Where is my cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

*Ant.* He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not of.

*Leon.* Are they good?

*Ant.* As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached* alley in mine orchard, were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece your daughter and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top and instantly break with you of it.

*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

*Ant.* A good sharp fellow: I will send for him: and question him yourself.

*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it. [*Enter Attendants.*] Cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry

*Thickly interwoven.

you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill. Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter* DON JOHN *and* CONRADE.

*Con.* What the good-year,* my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad? *Goujere, disease.

*D. John.* There is no measure in the occasion that breeds; therefore the sadness is without limit.

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufferance.

*D. John.* I wonder that thou, being, as thou sayest thou art, born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause and smile at no man's jests, eat when I have stomach and wait for no man's leisure, sleep when I am drowsy and tend on no man's business, laugh when I am merry and claw* no man in his humour. *Flatter.

*Con.* Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker* in a hedge than a rose in his grace, and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my

liking: in the meantime let me be that I am and seek not to alter me. *Dog-rose.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here?

*Enter* BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

*Bora.* I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

*D. John.* Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

*Bora.* Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

*D. John.* Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

*Bora.* Even he.

*D. John.* A proper squire! And who, and who? which way looks he?

*Bora.* Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

*D. John.* A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

*Bora.* Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad* conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio. *Serious.

*D. John.* Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

*Con.* To the death, my lord.

*D. John.* Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

*Bora.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *A hall in* LEONATO'S *house.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, *and others.*

*Leon.* Was not Count John here at supper?

*Ant.* I saw him not.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*Leon.* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

*Beat.* With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

*Leon.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

*Ant.* In faith, she's too curst.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns;' but to a cow too curst he sends none.

*Leon.* So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

*Beat.* Just, if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen.

*Leon.* You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

*Beat.* What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.

*Leon.* Well, then, go you into hell?

*Beat.* No, but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:' so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

*Ant.* [*To Hero*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.

*Beat.* Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make curtsy and say 'Father, as it please you.' But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsy and say 'Father, as it please me.'

*Leon.* Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

*Beat.* Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

*Leon.* Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

*Beat.* The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important;* tell him there is measure in every thing and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure,† and a cinque pace:‡ the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig.

and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

*Importunate. †Stately dance. ‡A dance.

*Leon.* Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

*Beat.* I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

*Leon.* The revellers are entering, brother: make good room. [*All put on their masks.*

*Enter* Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar, Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, *and others, masked.*

*D. Pedro.* Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

*Hero.* So you walk softly and look sweetly and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

*D. Pedro.* With me in your company?

*Hero.* I may say so, when I please.

*D. Pedro.* And when please you to say so?

*Hero.* When I like your favour;* for God defend† the lute should be like the case!

*Countenance. †Forbid.

*D. Pedro.* My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

*Hero.* Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

*D. Pedro.* Speak low, if you speak love. [*Drawing her aside.*

*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.

*Marg.* So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

*Balth.* Which is one?

*Marg.* I say my prayers aloud.

*Balth.* I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen.

*Marg.* God match me with a good dancer!

*Balth.* Amen.

*Marg.* And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done! Answer, clerk.

*Balth.* No more words: the clerk is answered.

*Urs.* I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* I know you by the waggling of your head.

*Ant.* To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

*Urs.* You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

*Ant.* At a word, I am not.

*Urs.* Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

*Beat.* Will you not tell me who told you so?

*Bene.* No, you shall pardon me.

*Beat.* Nor will you not tell me who you are?

*Bene.* Not now.

*Beat.* That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the 'Hundred Merry Tales:' —well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

*Bene.* What's he?

*Beat.* I am sure you know him well enough.

*Bene.* Not I, believe me.

*Beat.* Did he never make you laugh?

*Bene.* I pray you, what is he?

*Beat.* Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded* me.

*Accosted.

*Bene.* When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

*Beat.* Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure not marked or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the leaders.

*Bene.* In every good thing.

*Beat.* Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*

*D. John.* Sure my brother is amorous on Hero and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her and but one visor remains.

*Bora.* And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

*D. John.* Are not you Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* You know me well; I am he.

*D. John.* Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her: she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

*Claud.* How know you he loves her?

*D. John.* I heard him swear his affection.

*Bora.* So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

*D. John.* Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*

*Claud.* Thus answer I in name of Benedick,
But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.
'Tis certain so; the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.*
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

*Passion.

*Re-enter* Benedick.

*Bene.* Count Claudio?

*Claud.* Yea, the same.

*Bene.* Come, will you go with me?

*Claud.* Whither?

*Bene.* Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you

wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

*Claud.* I wish him joy of her.

*Bene.* Why, that's spoken like an honest drovier: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

*Claud.* I pray you, leave me.

*Bene.* Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

*Claud.* If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

*Bene.* Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges. But that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! Ha? It may be I go under that title because I am merry. Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

*Re-enter* DON PEDRO.

*D. Pedro.* Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him?

*Bene.* Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! What's his fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a birds' nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

*D. Pedro.* Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

*Bene.* Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he

might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his birds' nest.

*D. Pedro.* I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

*Bene.* If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

*D. Pedro.* The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman that danced with her told her she is much wronged by you.

*Bene.* O, she misused me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror and perturbation follows her.

*D. Pedro.* Look, here she comes.

*Enter* Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, *and* Leonato.

*Bene.* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia, bring you the length of Prester John's foot, fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard, do you any em-

bassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me?

*D. Pedro.* None, but to desire your good company.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

*Beat.* Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use* for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. *Interest.

*D. Pedro.* You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

*Beat.* So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

*D. Pedro.* Why, how now, count! wherefore are you sad?

*Claud.* Not sad, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* How then? sick?

*Claud.* Neither, my lord.

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil count, civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

*D. Pedro.* I' faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

*Leon.* Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

*Beat.* Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you and dote upon the exchange.

*Beat.* Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop

his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care. My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

*Claud.* And so she doth, cousin.

*Beat.* Good Lord, for alliance! Thus goes every one to the world* but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!

*To get married.

*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

*Beat.* I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

*D. Pedro.* Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

*Beat.* No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born. Cousins, God give you joy!

*Leon.* Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

*Beat.* I cry you mercy, uncle. By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

*Leon.* There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness and waked herself with laughing.

*D. Pedro.* She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

*Leon.* O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

*D. Pedro.* She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

*Leon.* O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

*D. Pedro.* County Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 371

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

*Leon.* Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night; and a time too brief, too, to have all things answer my mind.

*D. Pedro.* Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing: but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will in the interim undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

*Leon.* My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watching.

*Claud.* And I, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* And you too, gentle Hero?

*Hero.* I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 391

*D. Pedro.* And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,* of approved valour and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy† stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Lineage. †Squeamish. [*Ex.*

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* DON JOHN *and* BORACHIO.

*D. John.* It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

*Bora.* Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

*D. John.* Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

*Bora.* Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

*D. John.* Show me briefly how.

*Bora.* I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

*D. John.* I remember.

*Bora.* I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

*D. John.* What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

*Bora.* The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio—whose estimation do you mightily hold up—to a contaminated stale,* such a one as Hero.

*Prostitute.

*D. John.* What proof shall I make of that?

*Bora.* Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

*D. John.* Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

*Bora.* Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; intend* a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as, —in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window, hear me †call Margaret Hero, hear Margaret term me

Claudio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the meantime I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent,—and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty that jealousy shall be called assurance and all the preparation overthrown. *Pretend. 51

*D. John.* Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

*Bora.* Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

*D. John.* I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. LEONATO'S *orchard.*

*Enter* BENEDICK.

*Bene.* Boy!

*Enter* Boy.

*Boy.* Signior?

*Bene.* In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

*Boy.* I am here already, sir.

*Bene.* I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument* of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthography; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange

dishes. May I be so converted and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

*Subject. [*Withdraws.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* Come, shall we hear this music?

*Claud.* Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

*D. Pedro.* See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

*Claud.* O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.

*Enter* BALTHASAR *with Music.*

*D. Pedro.* Come, Balthasar, we'll hear that song again.

*Balth.* O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excellency
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he swear he loves.

*D. Pedro.* Now, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
*D. Pedro.* Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note, notes, forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*
*Bene.* Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song.

*Balth.* Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

*D. Pedro.* By my troth, a good song.
*Balth.* And an ill singer, my lord.
*D. Pedro.* Ha, no, no, faith; thou singest well enough for a shift.
*Bene.* An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.
*D. Pedro.* Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthasar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.
*Balth.* The best I can, my lord.
*D. Pedro.* Do so: farewell. [*Exit Balthasar.*] Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me

of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

*Claud.* O, ay: stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

*Bene.* Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite* of thought.

*D. Pedro.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

*Claud.* Faith, like enough.

*Leon.* O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what effects of passion shows she?

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

*Leon.* What effects, my lord? She will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

*Claud.* She did, indeed.

*D. Pedro.* How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

*Leon.* I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

*Bene.* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*Claud.* He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

*D. Pedro.* Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

*Leon.* No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

*Claud.* 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: 'Shall I,' says she, 'that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?'

*Leon.* This says she now when she is begin-

*Power.

ning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

*Claud.* Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

*Leon.* O, when she had writ it and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?

*Claud.* That.

*Leon.* O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her; 'I measure him,' says she, 'by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I should.'

*Claud.* Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses; 'O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!'

*Leon.* She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her that my daughter is sometime afeard she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

*D. Pedro.* It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

*Claud.* To what end? He would make but a sport of it and torment the poor lady worse.

*D. Pedro.* An he should, it were an alms to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

*Claud.* And she is exceeding wise.

*D. Pedro.* In every thing but in loving Benedick.

*Leon.* O, my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

*D. Pedro.* I would she had bestowed this dotage on me: I would have daffed* all other respects† and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

*Put off.

*Leon.* Were it good, think you? †Consideration.

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not, and she will die, ere she make her love known, and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate* one breath of her accustomed crossness. *Abate.

*D. Pedro.* She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible* spirit. *Contemptuous.

*Claud.* He is a very proper* man. *Handsome.

*D. Pedro.* He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

*Claud.* Before God! and, in my mind, very wise.

*D. Pedro.* He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

*Claud.* And I take him to be valiant.

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

*Leon.* If he do fear God, a' must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

*D. Pedro.* And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

*Claud.* Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

*Leon.* Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

*D. Pedro.* Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

*Leon.* My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

*Claud.* If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

*D. Pedro.* Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt D. Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*

*Bene.* [*Coming forward*] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly* borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry: I must not seem proud: happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips† and sentences and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. Here comes Beatrice. By this day! she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

*Seriously. †Sharp jests.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

*Bene.* Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat.* I took no more pains for those thanks

than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

*Bene.* You take pleasure then in the message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal. You have no stomach, signior: fare you well.

[*Exit.*

*Bene.* Ha! 'Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner;' there's a double meaning in that. 'I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me;' that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

### Scene I. Leonato's *garden.*

*Enter* Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

*Hero.* Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing* with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached† bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter, like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,

*Discoursing. †Interwoven.

To listen our purpose. This is thy office;
Bear thee well in it and leave us alone.

*Marg.* I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

*Hero.* Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice. Of this matter

*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

*HERO, URSULA AND BEATRICE.*

*After the Painting by Peters.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

HERO, URSULA AND BEATRICE.

After the Painting by Peters.

Peters del. Starling sc

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

*Hero, Ursula & Beatrice.*

*Act III. Scene I*

Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.

*Enter* BEATRICE, *behind.*

Now begin;
For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
*Urs.* The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
*Hero.* Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
[*Approaching the bower.*
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggerds* of the rock. *Wild hawks.
*Urs.* But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?
*Hero.* So says the prince and my new-trothed lord.
*Urs.* And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?
*Hero.* They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.
*Urs.* Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?
*Hero.* O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endeared.

*Urs.* Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
*Hero.* Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antique,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
*Hero.* No, not to be so odd and from all fashions
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
*Urs.* Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.
*Hero.* No; rather I will go to Benedick
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
*Urs.* O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement—
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prized to have—as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.
*Hero.* He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

*Urs.* I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
*Hero.* Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
*Urs.* His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.
When are you married, madam?
*Hero.* Why, every day, to-morrow. Come, go in:
I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
*Urs.* She's limed,* I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.
*Hero.* If it proves so, then loving goes by haps:*
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*
*Beat.* [*Coming forward*] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such.
And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band;
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

*Ensnared with bird-lime.

*Chances.

SCENE II. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, *and* LEONATO.

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.
*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.
*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his com-

pany; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.

*Bene.* Gallants, I am not as I have been.

*Leon.* So say I: methinks you are sadder.

*Claud.* I hope he be in love.

*D. Pedro.* Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touched with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

*Bene.* I have the toothache.

*D. Pedro.* Draw it.

*Bene.* Hang it!

*Claud.* You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

*D. Pedro.* What! sigh for the toothache?

*Leon.* Where is but a humour or a worm.

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

*Claud.* Yet say I, he is in love.

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all slops,* and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

*Loose breeches.

*Claud.* If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

*D. Pedro.* Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

*Claud.* No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

*Leon.* Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

*Claud.* That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

*D. Pedro.* The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

*D. Pedro.* Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

*Claud.* Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string and now governed by stops.

*D. Pedro.* Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, conclude he is in love.

*Claud.* Nay, but I know who loves him.

*D. Pedro.* That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

*Claud.* Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

*D. Pedro.* She shall be buried with her face upwards.

*Bene.* Yet is this no charm for the toothache. Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

*D. Pedro.* For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

*Claud.* 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

*Enter* DON JOHN.

*D. John.* My lord and brother, God save you!

*D. Pedro.* Good den, brother.

*D. John.* If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

*D. Pedro.* In private?

*D. John.* If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

*D. Pedro.* What's the matter?

*D. John.* [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

*D. Pedro.* You know he does.

*D. John.* I know not that, when he knows what I know.

*Claud.* If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

*D. John.* You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath holp to effect your ensuing marriage;—surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

*D. Pedro.* Why, what's the matter?

*D. John.* I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, for she has been too long a talking of, the lady is disloyal.

*Claud.* Who, Hero?

*D. John.* Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

*Claud.* Disloyal?

*D. John.* The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

*Claud.* May this be so?

*D. Pedro.* I will not think it.

*D. John.* If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

*Claud.* If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

*D. Pedro.* And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

*D. John.* I will disparage her no farther till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

*D. Pedro.* O day untowardly turned!

*Claud.* O mischief strangely thwarting!

*D. John.* O plague right well prevented! so will you say when you have seen the sequel.
[*Exeunt.*

## Scene III. *A street.*

*Enter* Dogberry *and* Verges *with the Watch.*

*Dog.* Are you good men and true?

*Verg.* Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

*Dog.* Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

*Verg.* Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

*Dog.* First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable? 10

*First Watch.* Hugh Otecake, sir, or George Seacole; for they can write and read.

*Dog.* Come hither, neighbour Seacole. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

*Sec. Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

*Dog.* You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*Sec. Watch.* How if a' will not stand?

*Dog.* Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dog.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble

and to talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

*Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dog.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills* be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

*Weapons.

*Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dog.* Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

*Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dog.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dog.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

*Dog.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

*Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

*Dog.* Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dog.* This is the end of the charge:—you, constable, are to present the prince's own person:

if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 81

*Verg.* Nay, by'r lady, that I think a' cannot.

*Dog.* Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statues, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

*Verg.* By'r lady, I think it be so.

*Dog.* Ha, ah, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

*Watch.* Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

*Dog.* One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil* to-night. Adieu: be vigitant, I beseech you. *Tumult. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.* 101

*Enter* BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

*Bora.* What, Conrade!

*Watch.* [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

*Bora.* Conrade, I say!

*Con.* Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

*Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

*Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

*Bora.* Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

*Watch.* [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

*Bora.* Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when

rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

*Con.* I wonder at it.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirmed.* Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man. *Unsophisticated.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

*Watch.* [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; a' has been a vile thief this seven year; a' goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

*Bora.* Didst thou not hear somebody?

*Con.* No; 'twas the vane on the house.

*Bora.* Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy* painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church-window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirched† worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club? *Smoky. †Soiled.

*Con.* All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

*Bora.* Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely: —I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio and my master, planted and placed and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 161

*Con.* And thought they Margaret was Hero?

*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

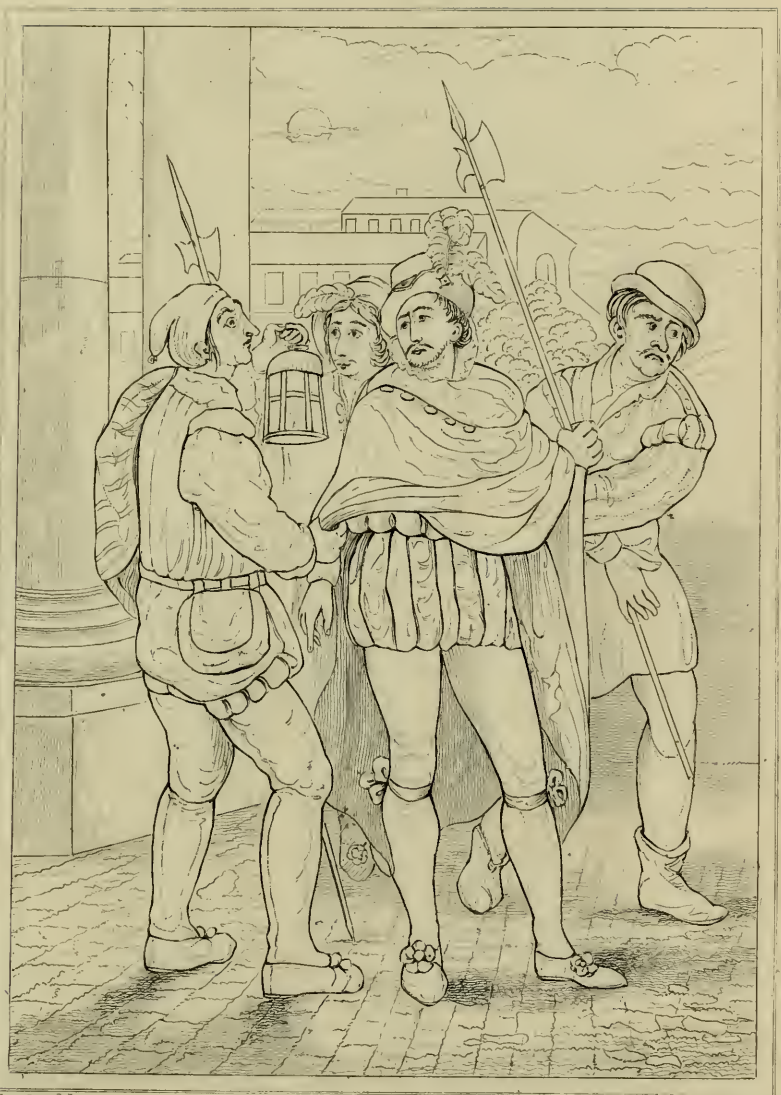
*BORACHIO, CONRADE AND WATCHMAN.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

BORACHIO, CONRADE AND WATCHMAN.

After the Painting by Wheatley.



Wheatley del. Starling sc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

*Borachio, Conrade & Watchmen.*

*Act III. Scene III.*

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night and send her home again without a husband.

*First Watch.* We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

*Sec. Watch.* Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

*First Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' wears a lock.

*Con.* Masters, masters,—

*Sec. Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

*Con.* Masters,—

*First Watch.* Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

*Con.* A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV. Hero's *apartment.*

*Enter* Hero, Margaret, *and* Ursula.

*Hero.* Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

*Urs.* I will, lady.

*Hero.* And bid her come hither.

*Urs.* Well. [*Exit.*

*Marg.* Troth, I think your other rabato* were better.

*Ruff.

*Hero.* No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so.

*Hero.* My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

*Marg.* I like the new tire* within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

*Hero.* O, that exceeds, they say. *Head-dress.

*Marg.* By my troth, 's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls, down sleeves, side* sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't. *Hanging.

*Hero.* God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy.

*Marg.* 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

*Hero.* Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

*Marg.* Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, 'saving your reverence, a husband:' an* bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in 'the heavier for a husband?' None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes. *If.

*Enter* Beatrice.

*Hero.* Good morrow, coz.

*Beat.* Good morrow, sweet Hero.

*Hero.* Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

*Beat.* I am out of all other tune, methinks.

*Marg.* Clap's into 'Light o' love;' that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

*Beat.* Ye light o' love, with your heels! then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.* *Children.

*Marg.* O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

*Beat.* 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill: heigh-ho!

*Marg.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

*Beat.* For the letter that begins them all, H.

*Marg.* Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

*Beat.* What means the fool, trow?

*Marg.* Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

*Hero.* These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

*Beat.* I am stuffed, cousin; I cannot smell.

*Marg.* A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

*Beat.* O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?* *Opinion.

*Marg.* Even since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely?

*Beat.* It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

*Marg.* Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

*Hero.* There thou prickest her with a thistle.

*Beat.* Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral* in this Benedictus. *Hidden meaning.

*Marg.* Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love or that you will be in love or that you can be in love. Yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry, and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

*Beat.* What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

*Marg.* Not a false gallop.

*Re-enter* Ursula.

*Urs.* Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

*Hero.* Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another room in* Leonato's *house.*

*Enter* Leonato, *with* Dogberry *and* Verges.

*Leon.* What would you with me, honest neighbour?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

*Leon.* Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

*Dog.* Marry, this it is, sir.

*Verg.* Yes, in truth it is, sir.

*Leon.* What is it, my good friends?

*Dog.* Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

*Verg.* Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

*Dog.* Comparisons are odorous: palabras,* neighbour Verges. *Words.

*Leon.* Neighbours, you are tedious. 20

*Dog.* It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find it in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

*Leon.* All thy tediousness on me, ah?

*Dog.* Yea, an 'twere a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

*Verg.* And so am I.

*Leon.* I would fain know what you have to say.

*Verg.* Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, ha' ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

*Dog.* A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see. Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges: well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but God is to be worshipped; all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

*Leon.* Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

*Dog.* Gifts that God gives.

*Leon.* I must leave you.

*Dog.* One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two aspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

*Leon.* Take their examination yourself and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

*Dog.* It shall be suffigance.

*Leon.* Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

*Leon.* I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*

*Dog.* Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacole; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

*Verg.* And we must do it wisely.

*Dog.* We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I. *A church.*

*Enter* Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar Francis, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, *and Attendants.*

*Leon.* Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*Friar.* You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady.

*Claud.* No.

*Leon.* To be married to her: friar, you come to marry her.

*Friar.* Lady, you come hither to be married to this count.

*Hero.* I do.

*Friar.* If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

*Claud.* Know you any, Hero?

*Hero.* None, my lord.

*Friar.* Know you any, count?

*Leon.* I dare make his answer, none.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

*Bene.* How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, ah, ha, he!

*Claud.* Stand thee by, friar. Father, by your leave:
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid, your daughter?

*Leon.* As freely, son, as God did give her me.

*Claud.* And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

*D. Pedro.* Nothing, unless you render her again.

*Claud.* Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.
There, Leonato, take her back again:
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

*LEONATO, PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Hamilton.*

Actor in the Painting by Hamilton.

HERO, ETC.

LEONATO, PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Hamilton del

Starling sc

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

*Leonato, Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, &c.*

*Act IV. Scene I.*

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious* bed; *Lascivious.
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.
*Leon.* What do you mean, my lord?
*Claud.* Not to be married,
Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.
*Leon.* Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,* *Manly strength.
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat† of her virginity,— †Destruction.
*Claud.* I know what you would say: if I have known her,
You will say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:
No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;*
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love. *Licentious.
*Hero.* And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
*Claud.* Out on thee! Seeming! I will write against it:
You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.
*Hero.* Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?
*Leon.* Sweet prince, why speak not you?
*D. Pedro.* What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.*
*Leon.* Are these things spoken, or do I but dream? *Prostitute.
*D. John.* Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
*Bene.* This looks not like a nuptial.

*Hero.* True! O God!
*Claud.* Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?
*Leon.* All this is so: but what of this, my lord?
*Claud.* Let me but move one question to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly* power *Natural.
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
*Leon.* I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
*Hero.* O, God defend me! how am I beset!
What kind of catechising call you this?
*Claud.* To make you answer truly to your name.
*Hero.* Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
*Claud.* Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
*Hero.* I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
*D. Pedro.* Why, then are you no maiden. Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
*D. John.* Fie, fie! they are not to be named, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language
Without offence to utter them. Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
*Claud.* O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leon.* Hath no man's dagger here a point for me? [*Hero swoons.*

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

*Bene.* How doth the lady?

*Beat.* Dead, I think. Help, uncle!
Hero! why, Hero! Uncle! Signior Benedick! Friar!

*Leon.* O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand.
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

*Beat.* How now, cousin Hero!

*Friar.* Have comfort, lady.

*Leon.* Dost thou look up?

*Friar.* Yea, wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherefore! Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,
Who smirched* thus and mired with infamy,
I might have said 'No part of it is mine;
This shame derives itself from unknown loins?'
But mine and mine I loved and mine I praised
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much

*Soiled.

That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her,—why, she, O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!
*Bene.* Sir, sir, be patient.
For my part, I am so attired in wonder,
I know not what to say.
*Beat.* O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!
*Bene.* Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
*Beat.* No, truly not; although, until last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie, and Claudio lie,
Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let her die.
*Friar.* Hear me a little; for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
†This course of fortune. . . .
By noting of the lady I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.
*Leon.* Friar, it cannot be.
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury; she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?
*Friar.* Lady, what man is he you are accused of?
*Hero.* They know that do accuse me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy! O my father,
Prove you that any man with me conversed
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!
*Friar.* There is some strange misprision* in the princes. *Mistake.
*Bene.* Two of them have the very bent of honour;
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.
*Leon.* I know not. If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
*Friar.* Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.
*Leon.* What shall become of this? what will this do?

*Friar.* Marry, this well carried shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied and excused
Of every hearer: for it so falls out
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack* the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination,
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed; then shall he mourn,
If ever love had interest in his liver,
And wish he had not so accused her,
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.

*Bene.* Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness* and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

*Leon.* Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

*Overrate.

*Intimacy.

*Friar.* 'Tis well consented: presently away;
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and endure.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*

*Bene.* Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

*Beat.* Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

*Bene.* I will not desire that.

*Beat.* You have no reason; I do it freely.

*Bene.* Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

*Beat.* Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

*Bene.* Is there any way to show such friendship?

*Beat.* A very even way, but no such friend.

*Bene.* May a man do it?

*Beat.* It is a man's office, but not yours.

*Bene.* I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?

*Beat.* As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

*Bene.* By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

*Beat.* Do not swear, and eat it.

*Bene.* I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

*Beat.* Will you not eat your word?

*Bene.* With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

*Beat.* Why, then, God forgive me!

*Bene.* What offence, sweet Beatrice?

*Beat.* You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

*Bene.* And do it with all thy heart.

*Beat.* I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

*Bene.* Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

*Beat.* Kill Claudio.

*Bene.* Ha! not for the wide world.

*Beat.* You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

*Bene.* Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

*Beat.* I am gone, though I am here: there is no love in you: nay, I pray you, let me go.

*Bene.* Beatrice,—

*Beat.* In faith, I will go.

*Bene.* We'll be friends first.

*Beat.* You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

*Bene.* Is Claudio thine enemy?

*Beat.* Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

*Bene.* Hear me, Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

*Bene.* Nay, but, Beatrice,—

*Beat.* Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

*Bene.* Beat—

*Beat.* Princes and counties!* Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect;† a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*Noblemen. †Affected nobleman.

*Bene.* Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

*Beat.* Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

*Bene.* Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

*Beat.* Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

*Bene.* Enough, I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A prison.*

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and* Sexton, *in gowns; and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Dog.* Is our whole dissembly* appeared?

*Verg.* O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

*Sex.* Which be the malefactors? *Assembly.

*Dog.* Marry, that am I and my partner.

*Verg.* Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

*Sex.* But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

*Dog.* Yea, marry, let them come before me. What is your name, friend?

*Bora.* Borachio.

*Dog.* Pray, write down, Borachio. Yours, sirrah?

*Con.* I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

*Dog.* Write down, master gentleman Conrade. Masters, do you serve God?

*Con.* } Yea, sir, we hope.
*Bora.* }

*Dog.* Write down, that they hope they serve God: and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

*Con.* Marry, sir, we say we are none.

*Dog.* A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear: sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

*Bora.* Sir, I say to you we are none.

*Dog.* Well, stand aside. 'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

*Sex.* Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

*Dog.* Yea, marry, that's the eftest* way. Let the watch come forth. Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. *Readiest.

*First Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

*Dog.* Write down Prince John a villain. Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

*Bora.* Master constable,—

*Dog.* Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

*Sex.* What heard you him say else?

*Sec. Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully.

*Dog.* Flat burglary as ever was committed.

*Verg.* Yea, by mass, that it is.

*Sex.* What else, fellow?

*First Watch.* And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

*Dog.* O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

*Sex.* What else?

*Watch.* This is all.

*Sex.* And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination.

[*Exit.*

*Dog.* Come, let them be opinioned.* *Pinioned.

*Verg.* †Let them be in the hands—

*Con.* Off, coxcomb!

*Dog.* God's my life, where's the sexton? let

*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

*DOGBERRY, VERGES, BORACHIO, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Smirke.*

After the Painting by Sumner.

DOCBERRY, VERGES, BORACHIO, ETC.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Starling sc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

*Dogberry Verges Borachio &c.*

*IV Scene II*

him write down the prince's officer coxcomb. Come, bind them. Thou naughty varlet!

*Con.* Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

*Dog.* Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass. No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow, and, which is more, an officer, and, which is more, a householder, and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.* 90

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Before* LEONATO'S *house.*

*Enter* LEONATO *and* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

*Leon.* I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
†Bid sorrow wag, cry 'hem!' when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters;* bring him yet to me,

And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.†

*Persons who sit up all night to drink. †Admonition.

*Ant.* Therein do men from children nothing differ.

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace. I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*Ant.* Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

*Leon.* There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.
My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

*Ant.* Here comes the prince and Claudio hastily.

*Enter* Don Pedro *and* Claudio.

*D. Pedro.* Good den,* good den. *Good evening.

*Claud.* Good day to both of you.

*Leon.* Hear you, my lords,—

*D. Pedro.* We have some haste, Leonato.

*Leon.* Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my lord:
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

*Ant.* If he could right himself with quarreling.
Some of us would lie low.
*Claud.* Who wrongs him?
*Leon.* Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler, thou:—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
I fear thee not.
*Claud.* Marry, beshrew* my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.
*Leon.* Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me: *Evil befal.
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forced to lay my reverence by
And, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors;
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, framed by thy villany!
*Claud.* My villany?
*Leon.* Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.
*D. Pedro.* You say not right, old man.
*Leon.* My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence and his active practice,
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.
*Claud.* Away! I will not have to do with you.
*Leon.* Canst thou so daff* me? Thou hast kill'd my child: *Befool.
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
*Ant.* He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me; let him answer me.
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, come, follow me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining* fence:
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will. *Thrusting.
*Leon.* Brother,—
*Ant.* Content yourself. God knows I loved my niece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!
*Leon.* Brother Antony,—
*Ant.* Hold you content. What, man! I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,—
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys,
That lie and cog* and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, show outward hideousness, *Dissemble.
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst;
And this is all.
*Leon.* But, brother Antony,—
*Ant.* Come, 'tis no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.
*D. Pedro.* Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing
But what was true and very full of proof.
*Leon.* My lord, my lord,—
*D. Pedro.* I will not hear you.
*Leon.* No? Come, brother; away! I will be heard.
*Ant.* And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*
*D. Pedro.* See, see; here comes the man we went to seek.

*Enter* Benedick.

*Claud.* Now, signior, what news?
*Bene.* Good day, my lord.
*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.
*Claud.* We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What thinkest thou? Had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both.

*Claud.* We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

*Bene.* It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

*D. Pedro.* Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

*Claud.* Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

*D. Pedro.* As I am an honest man, he looks pale. Art thou sick, or angry?

*Claud.* What, courage, man! What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

*Bene.* Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

*Claud.* Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.

*D. Pedro.* By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

*Claud.* If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

*Bene.* Shall I speak a word in your ear?

*Claud.* God bless me from a challenge!

*Bene.* [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villain; I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

*Claud.* Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

*D. Pedro.* What, a feast, a feast?

*Claud.* I' faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon; the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

*Bene.* Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

*D. Pedro.* I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: 'True,' said she, 'a fine little one.' 'No,' said I, ' a great wit:' 'Right,' says she, 'a great gross one.' 'Nay,' said I, 'a good wit:' 'Just,' said she, 'it hurts nobody.' 'Nay,' said I, 'the gentleman is wise:' 'Certain,' said she, 'a wise gentleman.' 'Nay,' said I, 'he hath the tongues:' 'That I believe,' said she, 'for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues.' Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

*Claud.* For the which she wept heartily and said she cared not.

*D. Pedro.* Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

*Claud.* All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

*D. Pedro.* But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

*Claud.* Yea, and text underneath, 'Here dwells Benedick the married man?'

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and, till then, peace be with him. [*Exit.*

*D. Pedro.* He is in earnest.

*Claud.* In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

*D. Pedro.* And hath challenged thee.

*Claud.* Most sincerely.

*D. Pedro.* What a pretty thing man is when

he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!

*Claud.* He is then a giant to an ape; but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

*D. Pedro.* But, soft you, let me be: pluck up, my heart, and be sad.* Did he not say, my brother was fled? *Serious.

*Enter* DOGBERRY, VERGES, *and the* Watch, *with* CONRADE *and* BORACHIO.

*Dog.* Come you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

*D. Pedro.* How now? two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one!

*Claud.* Hearken after their offence, my lord.

*D. Pedro.* Officers, what offence have these men done?

*Dog.* Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

*D. Pedro.* First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

*Claud.* Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 231

*D. Pedro.* Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: what's your offence?

*Bora.* Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who in the night overheard me confessing to this man how Don John your brother incensed* me to

slander the Lady Hero, how you were brought into the orchard and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments, how you disgraced her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. *Incited.

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*D. Pedro.* But did my brother set thee on to this?

*Bora.* Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

*D. Pedro.* He is composed and framed of treachery:
And fled he is upon this villany.

*Claud.* Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I loved it first.

*Dog.* Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

*Verg.* Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

*Re-enter* Leonato *and* Antonio, *with the* Sexton.

*Leon.* Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,
That, when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of these is he?

*Bora.* If you would know your wronger, look on me.

*Leon.* Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd
Mine innocent child?

*Bora.* Yea, even I alone.

*Leon.* No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men;

A third is fled, that had a hand in it.
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds:
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.
*Claud.* I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose* me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not *Command.
But in mistaking.
*D. Pedro.* By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.
*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter live;
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess* the people in Messina here *Acquaint. 290
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin, 300
And so dies my revenge.
*Claud.* O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.
*Leon.* To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I believe was pack'd* in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother. *Confederate.
*Bora.* No, by my soul, she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But always hath been just and virtuous 311
In any thing that I do know by her.
*Dog.* Moreover, sir, which indeed is not under

white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath used so long and never paid that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you, examine him upon that point.

*Leon.* I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

*Dog.* Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

*Leon.* There's for thy pains.

*Dog.* God save the foundation!

*Leon.* Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

*Dog.* I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship! I wish your worship well; God restore you to health! I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it! Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

*Leon.* Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

*Ant.* Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-morrow.

*D. Pedro.* We will not fail.

*Claud.* To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

*Leon.* [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellows on. We'll talk with Margaret, 340
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

## Scene II. Leonato's *garden.*

*Enter* Benedick *and* Margaret, *meeting.*

*Bene.* Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

*Marg.* Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

*Bene.* In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

*Marg.* To have no man come over me! why, shall I always keep below stairs?

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*Bene.* A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.

*Marg.* Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own.

*Bene.* If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

*Marg.* Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legs.

*Bene.* And therefore will come.

[*Exit Margaret.*

[*Sings*] The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole bookful of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to 'lady' but 'baby,' an innocent rhyme; for 'scorn,' 'horn,' a hard rhyme; for 'school,' 'fool,' a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.

*Enter* BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

*Beat.* Yea, siginor, and depart when you bid me.

*Bene.* O, stay but till then!

*Beat.* 'Then' is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

*Bene.* Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

*Beat.* Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkissed.

*Bene.* Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge: and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

*Beat.* For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

*Bene.* Suffer love! a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

*Beat.* In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

*Bene.* Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

*Beat.* It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

*Bene.* An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

*Bene.* Question: why, an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of

his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin? 91

*Beat.* Very ill.

*Bene.* And how do you?

*Beat.* Very ill too.

*Bene.* Serve God, love me and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

*Enter* URSULA.

*Urs.* Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil* at home: it is proved my Lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently? *Stir.

*Beat.* Will you go hear this news, signior?

*Bene.* I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle's. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *A church.*

*Enter* DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, *and three or four with tapers.*

*Claud.* Is this the monument of Leonato?

*A Lord.* It is, my lord.

*Claud.* [*Reading out of a scroll*]

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb. 10

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;
For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,* *Expelled.
Heavily, heavily.

*Claud.* Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

*Claud.* Good morrow, masters: each his several way.

*D. Pedro.* Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.

*Claud.* And Hymen now with luckier issue speed's
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in* LEONATO'S *house.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS, *and* HERO.

*Friar.* Did I not tell you she was innocent?

*Leon.* So are the prince and Claudio, who accused her
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

*Ant.* Well, I am glad that all things sort* so well. *Suit.

*Bene.* And so am I, being else by faith enforced
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it

*Leon.* Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*
The prince and Claudio promised by this hour
To visit me. You know your office, brother:
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

*Ant.* Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

*Bene.* Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

*Friar.* To do what, signior?

*Bene.* To bind me, or undo me; one of them.
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

*Leon.* That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

*Bene.* And I do with an eye of love requite her.

*Leon.* The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince: but what's your will?

*Bene.* Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

*Leon.* My heart is with your liking.

*Friar.* And my help.
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

*Enter* DON PEDRO *and* CLAUDIO, *and two or three others.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow to this fair assembly.

*Leon.* Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio:
We here attend you. Are you yet determined
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

*Claud.* I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.

*Leon.* Call her forth, brother; here's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
*Claud.* I think he thinks upon the savage bull.
Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee,
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
*Bene.* Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
*Claud.* For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.

*Re-enter* Antonio, *with the* Ladies *masked.*

Which is the lady I must seize upon?
*Ant.* This same is she, and I do give you her.
*Claud.* Why, then she's mine. Sweet, let me see your face.
*Leon.* No, that you shall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar and swear to marry her.
*Claud.* Give me your hand: before this holy friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.
*Hero.* And when I lived, I was your other wife: [*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
*Claud.* Another Hero!
*Hero.* Nothing certainer:
One Hero died defiled, but I do live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.
*D. Pedro.* The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
*Leon.* She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
*Friar.* All this amazement can I qualify;*
When after that the holy rites are ended,

*MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.*

*CLAUDIO, HERO, BENEDICK,*
*BEATRICE, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

CLAUDIO, HERO, BENEDICK,
BEATRICE, ETC.

After the Painting by Wheatley.

Wheatley del. Starling sc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

*Claudio, Hero, Priest &c.*

*Act V. Scene IV.*

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently. *Moderate.
*Bene.* Soft and fair, friar. Which is Beatrice?
*Beat.* [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name. What is your will?
*Bene.* Do not you love me?
*Beat.* Why, no; no more than reason.
*Bene.* Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio
Have been deceived; they swore you did.
*Beat.* Do not you love me?
*Bene.* Troth, no; no more than reason.
*Beat.* Why, then my cousin Margaret and Ursula
Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.
*Bene.* They swore that you were almost sick for me.
*Beat.* They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
*Bene.* 'Tis no such matter. Then you do not love me?
*Beat.* No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
*Leon.* Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
*Claud.* And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
*Hero.* And here's another
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
*Bene.* A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts. Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.
*Beat.* I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.
*Bene.* Peace! I will stop your mouth.
[*Kissing her.*

*D. Pedro.* How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion. For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised and love my cousin.

*Claud.* I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

*Bene.* Come, come, we are friends: let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

*Leon.* We'll have dancing afterward.

*Bene.* First, of my word; therefore play, music. Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

*Enter a* Messenger.

*Mess.* My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.

*Bene.* Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up, pipers. [*Dance.*

[*Exeunt.*

# *Love's Labour's Lost.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, king of Navarre.
BIRON,
LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.
DUMAIN,
BOYET, } lords attending on the Princess
MERCADE, } of France.
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO a fantastical Spaniard.
SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.
HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster
DULL, a constable.
COSTARD, a clown.
MOTH, page to Armado.
A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.
ROSALINE,
MARIA, } ladies attending on the Princess.
KATHARINE,
JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Navarre.*

After the Painting by H. A. Harrington.

THE NINE WORTHIES.

Act V. Scene 2.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

*LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

*Act V. Scene 2.*

*THE NINE WORTHIES.*

*After the Painting by R. A. Hillingford.*

# *Love's Labour's Lost.*

## ACT I.

### Scene I. *The king of Navarre's park.*

*Enter* Ferdinand, *king of* Navarre, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain.

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate* his scythe's keen edge.
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are pass'd and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

*Blunt.

*Long.* I am resolved; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord. Dumain is mortified:

The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.
*Biron.* I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;
And one day in a week to touch no food
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night
And make a dark night too of half the day—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
*King.* Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
*Biron.* Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
*Long.* You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
*King.* Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
*King.* Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
*Biron.* Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,

Study to break it and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.
*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite
And train our intellects to vain delight.
*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.
*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!
*Dum.* Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!
*Long.* He weeds the corn and still lets grow the weeding.
*Biron.* The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.
*Dum.* How follows that?
*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.
*Dum.* In reason nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.
*King.* Biron is like an envious sneaping* frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring. *Nipping.
*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
*King.* Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.
*King.* How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!
*Biron* [*reads*]. 'Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court:' Hath this been proclaimed?
*Long.* Four days ago.
*Biron.* Let's see the penalty. [*Reads*] 'On pain of losing her tongue.' Who devised this penalty?
*Long.* Marry, that did I.
*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?
*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
*Biron.* A dangerous law against gentility!
[*Reads*] 'Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.'
This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—
A maid of grace and complete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine
To her decrepit, sick and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
*King.* What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
*Biron.* So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would
It doth forget to do the thing it should,
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.
*King.* We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie* here on mere necessity. *Reside.
*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me;
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subscribes.*
And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:
Suggestions* are to other as to me; *Temptations.
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick† recreation granted? †Lively.
*King.* Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements,* whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy that Armado hight†

For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*Accomplishments. †Called.

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

*Long.* Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

*Enter* Dull *with a letter, and* Costard.

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own person?

*Biron.* This, fellow: what wouldst?

*Dull.* I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough;* but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

*Constable.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad: this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear laughing?

*Long.* To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

*Cost.* The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the

manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

*Biron.* For the following, sir?

*Cost.* As it shall follow in my correction: and God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

*King* [*reads*]. 'Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.'

*Cost.* Not a word of Costard yet.

*King* [*reads*]. 'So it is,'—

*Cost.* It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

*King.* Peace!

*Cost.* Be to me and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words!

*Cost.* Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

*King* [*reads*]. 'So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when. About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper: so much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped* thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: but to the place where; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,'—

*Cost.* Me?

*King* [*reads*]. 'that unlettered small-knowing soul,'—

*Called.

*Cost.* Me?

*King* [*reads*]. 'that shallow vassal,'—

*Cost.* Still me?

*King* [*reads*]. 'which, as I remember, hight* Costard,— *Called.

*Cost.* O, me!

*King* [*reads*]. 'sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, which with,—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,—

*Cost.* With a wench.

*King* [*reads*]. 'with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.'

*Dull.* Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

*King* [*reads*]. 'For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.

Don Adriano De Armado.'

*Biron.* This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

*King.* Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

*Cost.* Sir, I confess the wench.

*King.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*Cost.* I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

*King.* It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

*Cost.* I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damsel.

*King.* Well, it was proclaimed 'damsel.'

*Cost.* This was no damsel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

*King.* It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed 'virgin.'

*Cost.* If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

*King.* This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

*Cost.* This maid will serve my turn, sir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado shall be your keeper.
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The same.*

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

*Moth.* No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

*Arm.* How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?* *Youth.

*Moth.* By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy condign praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What, that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers: thou heatest my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Arm.* I love not to be crossed.

*Moth.* [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses* love not him. *Coins.

*Arm.* I have promised to study three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, sir.

*Arm.* Impossible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

*Arm.* I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the base vulgar* do call three. *Common people.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere ye'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put 'years' to the word 'three,' and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

*Arm.* A most fine figure!

*Moth.* To prove you a cipher.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confess I am in love:

and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: what great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, master.

*Arm.* Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, master.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me precisely of what complexion.

*Moth.* Of the sea-water green, sir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

*Arm.* Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

*Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is most immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetical!

*Moth.* If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred
And fears by pale white shown:
Then if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheeks possess the same
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since: but I think now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression* by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

*Transgression.

*Moth.* [*Aside*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I say, sing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be past.

*Enter* DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

*Dull.* Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must suffer him to take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park: she is allowed for the day-woman.* Fare you well.

*Dairymaid.

*Arm.* I do betray myself with blushing. Maid!

*Jaq.* Man?

*Arm.* I will visit thee at the lodge.

*Jaq.* That's hereby.

*Arm.* I know where it is situate.

*Jaq.* Lord, how wise you are!

*Arm.* I will tell thee wonders.

*Jaq.* With that face?
*Arm.* I love thee.
*Jaq.* So I heard you say.
*Arm.* And so, farewell.
*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!
*Dull.* Come, Jaquenetta, away!
[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*
*Arm.* Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
*Cost.* Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.
*Arm.* Thou shalt be heavily punished.
*Cost.* I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.
*Arm.* Take away this villain; shut him up.
*Moth.* Come, you transgressing slave; away!
*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.
*Moth.* No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.
*Cost.* Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see.
*Moth.* What shall some see?
*Cost.* Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man; and therefore I can be quiet.
[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*
*Arm.* I do affect* the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft† is too hard for Hercules' club; and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his

disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Love. †Light arrow. [*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### Scene I. *The same.*

*Enter the* Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

*Boyet.* Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:
Consider who the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
As Nature was in making graces dear
When she did starve the general world beside
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf

Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace:
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-visaged suitors, his high will.
*Boyet.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.
*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so. [*Exit Boyet.*
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
*First Lord.* Lord Longaville is one.
*Prin.* Know you the man?
*Mar.* I know him, madam: at a marriage-feast,
Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
*Mar.* They say so most that most his humours know.
*Prin.* Such short-lived wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.
*Ros.* Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
*Prin.* God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
*First Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* Boyet.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?
*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd* to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

*Prepared.

*Enter* King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, *and* Attendants.

*King.* Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.
*Prin.* 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.
*King.* You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*Prin.* I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.
*King.* Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
*Prin.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
*King.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
*Prin.* Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.
*King.* Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
*Prin.* Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
*King.* Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
*Prin.* You will the sooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjured if you make me stay.
*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
*Biron.* I know you did.
*Ros.* How needless was it then to ask the question!
*Biron.* You must not be so quick.
*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such questions.
*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.
*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
*Biron.* What time o' day?
*Ros.* The hour that fools should ask.
*Biron.* Now fair befall your mask!
*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!
*Biron.* And send you many lovers!
*Ros.* Amen, so you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.
*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say that he or we, as neither have,
Received that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,
One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one half which is unsatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart* withal *Part.
And have the money by our father lent
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast
And go well satisfied to France again.
*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseeming to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.
*King.* I do protest I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.
*Prin.* We arrest your word.
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.
*King.* Satisfy me so.
*Boyet.* So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound:

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.
*King.* It shall suffice me: at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness:
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
But here without you shall be so received
As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
To-morrow shall we visit you again.
*Prin.* Sweet health and fair desires consort* your grace! *Accompany.
*King.* Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit.*
*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.
*Ros.* Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it.
*Biron.* I would you heard it groan.
*Ros.* Is the fool sick?
*Biron.* Sick at the heart.
*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.
*Biron.* Would that do it good?
*Ros.* My physic says 'ay.'
*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?
*Ros.* No point, with my knife.
*Biron.* Now, God save thy life!
*Ros.* And yours from long living!
*Biron.* I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*
*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?
*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Katharine her name.
*Dum.* A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*
*Long.* I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?
*Boyet.* A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.
*Long.* Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard!

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended.
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir, that may be.
[*Exit Long.*

*Biron.* What's her name in the cap?

*Boyet.* Rosaline, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir: adieu.

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.*

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord:
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

*Mar.* Two hot sheeps, marry.

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

*Mar.* You sheep, and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

*Boyet.* So you grant pasture for me.
[*Offering to kiss her.*

*Mar.* Not so, gentle beast:
My lips are no common, though several* they be.

*Land not common but appropriated.

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree:
This civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.

*Boyet.* If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
*Prin.* With what?
*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle affected.
*Prin.* Your reason?
*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd:
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd:
His face's own margent* did quote such amazes
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
*Margin.
*Prin.* Come to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed.
*Boyet.* But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclosed.
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skilfully.
*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.
*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.
*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?
*Mar.* No.
*Boyet.* What then, do you see?
*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.
*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*Arm.* Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

*Moth.* Concolinel. [*Singing.*

*Arm.* Sweet air! Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately* hither: I must employ him in a letter to my love. *Quickly.

*Moth.* Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?* *Dance.

*Arm.* How meanest thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete master: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary* to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these. *Lively dance.

*Arm.* How hast thou purchased this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of observation.

*Arm.* But O,—but O,—

*Moth.* 'The hobby-horse is forgot.'

*Arm.* Callest thou my love 'hobby-horse?'

*Moth.* No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almost I had.

*Moth.* Negligent student! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

*Arm.* I am all these three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

*Moth.* Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but short: away!

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* The meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

*Moth.* Minimè, honest master; or rather, master, no.

*Arm.* I say lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so:
Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I shoot thee at the swain.

*Moth.* Thump then and I flee. [*Exit.*

*Arm.* A most acute juvenal; volable and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is returned.

*Re-enter* MOTH *with* COSTARD.

*Moth.* A wonder, master! here's a costard* broken in a shin. *Head.

*Arm.* Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy;* begin. *Moral at end of tale or poem.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve

†in the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

*Moth.* Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

*Moth.* I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Moth.* Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.
The fox, the ape and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

*Arm.* Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

*Moth.* A good l'envoy, ending in the goose: would you desire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see; a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By saying that a costard was broken in a shin.
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought;
And he ended the market.

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a costard broken in a shin?

*Moth.* I will tell you sensibly.

*Cost.* Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy:

I Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the shin.

*Arm.* Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances: I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

*Arm.* By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person: thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard, adieu.

*Cost.* My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony* Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

*Fine.

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—'What's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration:' why, it carries it. Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Enter* BIRON.

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?
*Cost.* Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.
*Biron.* Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.
*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be wi' you!
*Biron.* Stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.
*Cost.* When would you have it done, sir?
*Biron.* This afternoon.
*Cost.* Well, I will do it, sir: fare you well.
*Biron.* Thou knowest not what it is.
*Cost.* I shall know, sir, when I have done it.
*Biron.* Why, villain, thou must know first.
*Cost.* I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.
*Biron.* It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this:
The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Giving him a shilling.*
*Cost.* Gardon, O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon! I will do it, sir, in print. Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*
*Biron.* And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy;
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled,* whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,† king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting 'paritors:‡—O my little heart!—

*Veiled.
†Petticoat-fronts.

And I to be a corporal‡ of his field, ‡Apparitors
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife! ‡Aide-de-camp.
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A wightly‖ wanton with a velvet brow, ‖Pale-faced.
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and groan:
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.
[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter the* Princess, *and her train, a* Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, *and* KATHARINE.

*Prin.* Was that the king, that spurred his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
*Boyet.* I know not; but I think it was not he.
*Prin.* Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch:
On Saturday we will return to France.
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
*For.* Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.
*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.
*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

*Prin.* What, what? first praise me and again say no?
O short-lived pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
*For.* Yes, madam, fair.
*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now:
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true:
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
*Prin.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!
A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.
But come, the bow: now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And out of question so it is sometimes,
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart;
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.
*Boyet.* Do not curst* wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?
*Prin.* Only for praise: and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.
*Boyet.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

*Enter* COSTARD.

*Cost.* God dig-you-den* all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
*Prin.* Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

*Shrewish.
*Give you good-evening.

*LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

*PRINCESS ROSALINE, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Hamilton.*

Also two Drawings by Hamilton.

PRINCESS ROSALINE, ETC.

TONE'S TABOR, 1797.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

*Princess Rosal*

*Cost.* Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
*Prin.* The thickest and the tallest.
*Cost.* The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
*Prin.* What's your will, sir? what's your will?
*Cost.* I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.
*Prin.* O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer. Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.
*Boyet.* I am bound to serve.
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.
*Prin.* We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.
*Boyet* [*reads*]. 'By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate* king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see: why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's:

no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

Don Adriano de Armado.'

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

*Prin.* What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?
What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

*Boyet.* I am much deceived but I remember the style.

*Prin.* Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

*Boyet.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the prince and his bookmates.

*Prin.* Thou fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

*Prin.* To whom shouldst thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady.

*Prin.* From which lord to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he call'd Rosaline.

*Prin.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.
[*To Ros.*] Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[*Exeunt Princess and train.*

*Illustrious.

*Boyet.* Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?
*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.
*Ros.* Why, she that bears the bow.
Finely put off!
*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.
Finely put on!
*Ros.* Well, then, I am the shooter.
*Boyet.* And who is your deer?
*Ros.* If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near.
Finely put on, indeed!
*Mar.* You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.
*Boyet.* But she herself is hit lower: have I hit her now?
*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?
*Boyet.* So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinover of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.
*Ros.* Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.
*Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.
[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*
*Cost.* By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!
*Mar.* A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.
*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.
*Mar.* Wide o' the bow hand! i' faith, your hand is out.
*Cost.* Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.*

*Mark in middle of target.

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.* *Centre of target.

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greasily;* your lips grow foul. *Grossly.

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*

*Cost.* By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony* vulgar wit! *Delicate.
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!
And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*

[*Exit Costard, running.*

## Scene II. *The same.*

*Enter* Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

*Nath.* Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater,* who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab† on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.
*Kind of apple. †Wild apple.

*Nath.* Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

*Dull.* 'Twas not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.*
*Stag of two years.

*LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

*DULL, HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, JAQUENETTA, ETC.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

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After the Painting by Wheatley.

Wheatley del. St[illegible]

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

*Dull. Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, Costard, & Jaquenetta.*

*Act IV. Scene II.*

*Hol.* Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination, after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

*Dull.* I said the deer was not a haud credo; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!
O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;
he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:
And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,
Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch* set on learning, to see him in a school: *Low fellow.
But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

*Dull.* You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old when Adam was no more.
And raught* not to five weeks when he came to five-score. *Reached.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

*Dull.* And I say, the pollusion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a pricket that the princess killed.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

*Nath.* Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

*Hol.* I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;
Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel* jumps from thicket;
Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.
If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores one sorel.
Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

*Buck of three years.

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

*Hol.* Mehercle,* if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur; a soul feminine saluteth us.

*By Hercules.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God give you good morrow, master Parson.

*Hol.* Master Parson, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

*Cost.* Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

*Hol.* Piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a tuft of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good master Parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado: I beseech you, read it.

*Hol.* Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

*Nath.* Ay, sir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a staff, a stanze, a verse; lege, domine.

*Nath.* [*reads*]

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;
Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire:
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

*Hol.* You find not the apostraphas, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse* his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Horse adorned with ribbons.

*Jaq.* Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange* queen's lords. *Foreign.

*Hol.* I will overglance the superscript: 'To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline.' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: 'Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron.' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Costard, go with me. Sir, God save your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours.* But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel? *False pretences.

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto;* where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society. *Welcome.

*Nath.* And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

*Hol.* And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it. [*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba.* Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Few words. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *The same.*

*Enter* BIRON, *with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles: defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool: well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep: well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught

me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Stands aside.*

*Enter the* KING, *with a paper.*

*King.* Ay me!

*Biron.* [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt* under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

*King* [*reads*]. *Bolt shot from crossbow.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aside.*
What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

*Biron.* Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

*Enter* LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

*Long.* Ay me, I am forsworn!

*Biron.* Why, he comes in like a perjure,* wearing papers. *Perjured person.

*King.* In love, I hope: sweet fellowship in shame!

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name.

*Long.* Am I the first that have been perjured so?

*Biron.* I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know:
Thou makest the triumviry, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

*Long.* I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

*Biron.* O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:
Disfigure not his slop.* *Loose breeches.

*Long.* This same shall go. [*Reads.*
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhalest this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

*Biron.* This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

*Long.* By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Steps aside.*

*Biron.* All hid, all hid; an old infant play.
Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

*Enter* Dumain, *with a paper.*

Dumain transform'd! four woodcocks in a dish!
*Dum.* O most divine Kate!
*Biron.* O most profane coxcomb!
*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!
*Biron.* By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.
*Dum.* Her amber hair for foul hath amber quoted.
*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.
*Biron.* Stoop, I say;
Her shoulder is with child.
*Dum.* As fair as day.
*Biron.* Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
*Dum.* O that I had my wish!
*Long.* And I had mine!
*King.* And I mine too, good Lord!
*Biron.* Amen, so I had mine: is not that a good word?
*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.
*Biron.* A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!*
*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
*Biron.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
*Dum.* [*reads*].

On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,

*Mistake.

All unseen, can passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.
This will I send and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note;
For none offend where all alike do dote.

*Long.* [*advancing*]. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

*King* [*advancing*]. Come, sir, you blush; as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And mark'd you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
[*To Long.*] You would for paradise break faith and troth;
[*To Dum.*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
*Biron.* Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
[*Advancing.*
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears;
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen!* *Grief.
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A caudle, ho!
*King.* Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
*Biron.* Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
†With men like men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?
*King.* Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?
*Biron.* I post from love: good lover, let me go.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*Jaq.* God bless the king!
*King.* What present hast thou there?
*Cost.* Some certain treason.
*King.* What makes treason here? 190
*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
*King.* If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
*Jaq.* I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.
*King.* Biron, read it over.
[*Giving him the paper.*
Where hadst thou it?
*Jaq.* Of Costard.
*King.* Where hadst thou it?
*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
[*Biron tears the letter.*
*King.* How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it? 200
*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.
*Long.* It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name. [*Gathering up the pieces.*
*Biron.* [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
*King.* What?
*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess:* *Company of four.
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
*Dum.* Now the number is even.
*Biron.* True, true; we are four.
Will these turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, sirs; away!
*Cost.* Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*
*Biron.* Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!
As true we are as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;
Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.
*King.* What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head and strucken blind
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.
*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish* of all gentle tongues,
Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy:
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

*Ornament.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the suit of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour* turns the fashion of the days, *Aspect.
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
*Dum.* To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
*Long.* And since her time are colliers counted bright.
*King.* And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.* *Boast.
*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
*Biron.* Your mistresses dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours should be wash'd away.
*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
*King.* No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

*Dum.* O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd overhead.
*King.* But what of this? are we not all in love?
*Biron.* Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
*Dum.* Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
*Long.* O, some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quillets,* how to cheat the devil.
*Dum.* Some salve for perjury. *Subtle law cases.
*Biron.* 'Tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.
Consider what you first did swear unto,
To fast, to study, and to see no woman;
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
[From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They are the ground, the books, the academes
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.]
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself
And where we are our learning likewise is:
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then fools you were these women to forswear,
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools,
For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your standards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

*King.* And win them too: therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will betime, and may by us be fitted.

*Biron.* Allons! allons! Sow'd cockle* reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

*Tares.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### Scene I. *The same.*

*Enter* Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, *and* Dull.

*Hol.* Satis quod sufficit.

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir: your reasons* at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection,† audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado. *Discourses. †Affectation.

*Hol.* Novi hominem tanquam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed,* his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical.† He is too picked,‡ too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it. *Smooth. †Boastful. ‡Foppish.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasimes, such insociable and point-devise* companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abhominable,—which he would call abbominable: it insinuateth †me of insanie: anne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic. *Faultless.

*Nath.* Laus Deo, bene intelligo.

*Hol.* Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratched, 'twill serve.

*Nath.* Videsne quis venit?

*Hol.* Video, et gaudeo.

*Enter* ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

*Arm.* Chirrah! [*To Moth.*

*Hol.* Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

*Arm.* Men of peace, well encountered.

*Hol.* Most military sir, salutation.

*Moth.* [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

*Cost.* O, they have lived long on the alms-

basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.*

*Moth.* Peace! the peal begins.

*Arm.* [*To Hol.*] Monsieur, are you not lettered? *Raisins in burning brandy.

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, most silly sheep with a horn. You hear his learning.

*Hol.* Quis, quis, thou consonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

*Moth.* The sheep: the other two concludes it,—o, u.

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue* of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit! *Sally.

*Moth.* Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

*Hol.* O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

*Arm.* Arts-man, preambulate, we will be singuled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house* on the top of the mountain? *Free school.

*Hol.* Or mons, the hill.

*Arm.* At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, sans question. 91

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

*Hol.* The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well culled, chose, sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head: and among other important and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too, but let that pass: for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,* with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance. *Beard.

*Hol.* Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's

command, and this most gallant, illustrate,* and learned gentleman, before the princess; I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

*Hol.* †Joshua, yourself; myself and this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

*Arm.* Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

*Moth.* An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the rest of the Worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myself.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge* not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

*Hol.* Via,* goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor understood none neither, sir.

*Hol.* Allons! we will employ thee.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.*

*Hol.* Most dull, honest Dull! To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*

*Illustrious.

*Suit.

*Off with you.

*Fencing term.

## Scene II. *The same.*

*Enter the* Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, *and* Maria.

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we

*LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

*PRINCESS AND LADIES.*

*After the Painting by Wheatley.*

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

PRINCESS AND LADIES.

After the Painting by Wheatley.

Starling

LOVE'S LABOR 'S LOST

Princess & Ladies

Act I Scene II

If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.
*Ros.* Madame, came nothing else along with that?
*Prin.* Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent* and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name. *Margin.
*Ros.* That was the way to make his godhead wax,* *Grow.
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
*Kath.* Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; a' kill'd your sister.
*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died: had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died:
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?
*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.
*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.
*Kath.* You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;*
Therefore I'll darkly end the argument. *Anger.
*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.
*Kath.* So do not you, for you are a light wench.
*Ros.* Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
*Kath.* You weigh me not? O, that's you care not for me.
*Ros.* Great reason; for 'past cure is still past care.'
*Prin.* Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
*Ros.* I would you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
*Prin.* Any thing like?
*Ros.* Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
*Ros.* 'Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O that your face were not so full of O's!
*Kath.* A pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.
*Prin.* But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
*Kath.* Madam, this glove.
*Prin.* Did he not send you twain?
*Kath.* Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
*Mar.* This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
*Prin.* I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
*Mar.* Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
*Prin.* We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
*Ros.* They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go:
O that I knew he were but in by the week!
How I would make him fawn and beg and seek
And wait the season and observe the times
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes
And shape his service wholly to my hests

And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
†So perttaunt-like would I o'ersway his state
That he should be my fool and I his fate.
*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excess
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.
*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.
*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Enter* BOYET.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?
*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
*Prin.* Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.
*Boyet.* Under the cool shade of a sycamore
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold addrest
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:

Action and accent did they teach him there;
'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear:'
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestical would put him out;
'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'
With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder:
One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cried, 'Via! we will do't, come what will come;'
The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well;'
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to visit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,
Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
Their purpose is to parle,* to court and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

*Talk.

*Prin.* And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change you favours too; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceived by these removes.

*Ros.* Come on, then; wear the favours most in sight.

*Kath.* But in this changing what is your intent?
*Prin.* The effect of my intent is to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.
*Ros.* But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?
*Prin.* No, to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
But while 'tis spoke each turn away her face.
*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and I make no doubt
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
To make theirs ours and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.
[*Trumpets sound within.*
*Boyet.* The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*

*Enter Blackamoors with music;* MOTH; *the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in Russian habits, and masked.*

*Moth.* All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!—
*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.
*Moth.* A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!
*Biron.* [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes, villain, their eyes.
*Moth.* That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!—
Out—
*Boyet.* True; out indeed.
*Moth.* Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

*Biron.* [*Aside to Moth*] Once to behold, rogue.
*Moth.* Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes.
——with your sun-beamed eyes—
*Boyet.* They will not answer to that epithet;
You were best call it 'daughter-beamed eyes.'
*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.
*Biron.* Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue! [*Exit Moth.*
*Ros.* What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.
*Boyet.* What would you with the princess?
*Biron.* Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
*Ros.* What would they, say they?
*Boyet.* Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.
*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.
*Boyet.* She says, you have it, and you may be gone.
*King.* Say to her, we have measured many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.
*Boyet.* They say, that they have measured many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
*Ros.* It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have measured many,
The measure then of one is easily told.
*Boyet.* If to come hither you have measured miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.
*Biron.* Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.
*Boyet.* She hears herself.
*Ros.* How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we spend for you:
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it.
*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.
*King.* Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!
Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine,
Those clouds removed, upon our watery eyne.*
*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.
*King.* Then, in our measure do but vouchsafe one change.
Thou bid'st me beg: this begging is not strange.
*Ros.* Play, music, then! Nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*
Not yet! no dance! Thus change I like the moon.
*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
*Ros.* You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.
*King.* Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.
*Ros.* Our ears vouchsafe it.
*King.* But your legs should do it.
*Ros.* Since you are strangers and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands. We will not dance.
*King.* Why take we hands, then?
*Ros.* Only to part friends:
Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
*King.* More measure of this measure; be not nice.
*Ros.* We can afford no more at such a price.
*King.* Prize you yourselves: what buys your company?
*Ros.* Your absence only.
*King.* That can never be.

*Eyes.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.
*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
*Ros.* In private, then.
*King.* I am best pleased with that.
[*They converse apart.*
*Biron.* White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.
*Biron.* Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,
Metheglin,* wort, and malmsey: well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.
*Drink of honey and water.
*Prin.* Seventh sweet, adieu:
Since you can cog,* I'll play no more with you.
*Biron.* One word in secret. *Dissemble.
*Prin.* Let it not be sweet.
*Biron.* Thou grievest my gall.
*Prin.* Gall! bitter.
*Biron.* Therefore meet.
[*They converse apart.*
*Dum.* Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
*Mar.* Name it.
*Dum.* Fair lady,—
*Mar.* Say you so? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.
*Dum.* Please it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.
[*They converse apart.*
*Kath.* What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
*Long.* I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
*Kath.* O for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
*Long.* You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.
*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman. Is not 'veal' a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady!
*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.
*Long.* Let's part the word.
*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.
*Long.* Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.
*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.
*Kath.* Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*
*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense; so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.
*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!
*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.
*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.
[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*
Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?
*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.
*Ros.* Well-liking* wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.
*In good condition.
*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves tonight?
Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.
*Ros.* O, they were all in lamentable cases!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.
*Prin.* Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.
*Kath.* Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?
*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.
*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.
*Prin.* Go, sickness as thou art!
*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.*
*Citizens' woollen caps.
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.
*Prin.* And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
*Kath.* And Longaville was for my service born.
*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.
*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes; for it can never be
They will digest this harsh indignity.
*Prin.* Will they return?
*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.
*Prin.* How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
*Boyet.* Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
†Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?
*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder what they were and to what end
Their shallow shows and prologue vilely penn'd
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er land.
[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katharine, and Maria.*

*Re-enter the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN, *in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?
*Boyet.* Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*
*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails,* meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve;
A' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables,† chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing
A mean‡ most meanly; and in ushering
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whale's bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.
*King.* A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!
*Biron.* See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou

*Festivities.
†Backgammon.
‡Tenor.

Till this madman show'd thee? and what art thou now?

*Re-enter the* Princess, *ushered by* Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, *and* Katharine.

*King.* All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

*Prin.* 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.

*King.* Construe my speeches better, if you may.

*Prin.* Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

*King.* We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

*Prin.* This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

*Prin.* You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

*King.* O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

*Prin.* Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess* of Russians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam! Russians!

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

*Ros.* Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:

*Company of four.

My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.

*Ros.* This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you less.

*Ros.* Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

*Biron.* Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face.

*King.* We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.

*Dum.* Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

*Prin.* Amazed, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I: lady, dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,
Nor never come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them; and I here protest,
By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.
*Ros.* Sans sans, I pray you.
*Biron.* Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:
Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;
They are infected; in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens* on you do I see. *Plague spots.
*Prin.* No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.
*Biron.* Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.
*Ros.* It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?
*Biron.* Peace! for I will not have to do with you.
*Ros.* Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.
*Biron.* Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.
*King.* Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

*Prin.* The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguised?
*King.* Madam, I was.
*Prin.* And were you well advised?
*King.* I was, fair madam.
*Prin.* When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?
*King.* That more than all the world I did respect her.
*Prin.* When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.
*King.* Upon mine honour, no.
*Prin.* Peace, peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.
*King.* Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.
*Prin.* I will: and therefore keep it. Rosaline,
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?
*Ros.* Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.
*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.
*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.
*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.
*King.* My faith and this the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.
*Prin.* Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?
*Biron.* Neither of either; I remit both twain.
I see the trick on't: here was a consent,*
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,†

*Conspiracy.

†Clown.

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,
Told our intents before; which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours: and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn, in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
[*To Boyet.*
Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier,‡
And laugh upon the apple of her eye? ‡Rule.
And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;
Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye
Wounds like a leaden sword.
*Boyet.* Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

*Enter* Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.
*Cost.* O Lord, sir, they would know
Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.
*Biron.* What, are there but three?
*Cost.* No, sir; but it is vara fine,
For every one pursents three.
*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.
*Cost.* Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
*Biron.* Is not nine.
*Cost.* Under correction, sir, we know where-until it doth amount.
*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to parfect one man in one poor man, Pompion the Great, sir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the Worthies?

*Cost.* It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care. [*Exit.*

*King.* Biron, they will shame us: let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are shame-proof, my lord: and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

*King.* I say they shall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now:
That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
†Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it presents:
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport, my lord.

*Enter* ARMADO.

*Arm.* Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*

*Prin.* Doth this man serve God?

*Biron.* Why ask you?

*Prin.* He speaks not like a man of God's making.

*Arm.* That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement!* *Union. [*Exit.*

*King.* Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

*Biron.* There is five in the first show.

*King.* You are deceived; 'tis not so.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool and the boy:—
†Abate throw at novum,* and the whole world again *Game at dice.
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

*King.* The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

*Enter* COSTARD, *for Pompey.*

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* You lie, you are not he.

*Cost.* I Pompey am,—

*Boyet.* With libbard's* head on knee. *Leopard's.

*Biron.* Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

*Cost.* I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the Big,—

*Dum.* The Great.

*Cost.* It is, 'Great,' sir:—
Pompey surnamed the Great;
That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect: I made a little fault in 'Great.'

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

*Enter* SIR NATHANIEL, *for Alexander.*

*Nath.* When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

*Boyet.* Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

*Biron.* Your nose smells 'no' in this, most tender-smelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

*Nath.* When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander,—

*Boyet.* Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.

*Biron.* Pompey the Great,—

*Cost.* Your servant, and Costard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

*Cost.* [*To Sir Nath.*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. [*Nath. retires.*] There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 'tis,—a little o'erparted.* But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*Prin.* Stand aside, good Pompey.

*Having too important a part.

*Enter* Holofernes, *for Judas; and* Moth, *for Hercules.*

*Hol.* Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canis;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.
Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.
[*Moth retires.*
Judas I am,—
*Dum.* A Judas!
*Hol.* Not Iscariot, sir.
Judas I am, ycliped* Maccabæus. *Called.
*Dum.* Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.
*Biron.* A kissing traitor. How art thou proved Judas?
*Hol.* Judas I am,—
*Dum.* The more shame for you, Judas.
*Hol.* What mean you, sir?
*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himself.
*Hol.* Begin, sir; you are my elder.
*Biron.* Well followed: Judas was hanged on an elder.
*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.
*Biron.* Because thou hast no face.
*Hol.* What is this?
*Boyet.* A cittern*-head. *Guitar.
*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.
*Biron.* A Death's face in a ring.
*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
*Boyet.* The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.
*Dum.* The carved-bone face on a flask.
*Biron.* Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.
*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

*Biron.* False; we have given thee faces.
*Hol.* But you have out-faced them all.
*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.
*Biron.* For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
Jud-as, away!
*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
*Boyet.* A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble. [*Hol. retires.*
*Prin.* Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter* ARMADO, *for Hector.*

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.
*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
*King.* Hector was but a Troyan in respect of this.
*Boyet.* But is this Hector?
*King.* I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.
*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector's.
*Dum.* More calf, certain.
*Boyet.* No; he is best indued in the small.
*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.
*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
*Arm.* The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—
*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.
*Biron.* A lemon.
*Long.* Stuck with cloves.
*Dum.* No, cloven.
*Arm.* Peace!—
The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight; yea

From morn till night, out of his pavilion. I am that flower,—

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. [*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

*Boyet.* [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

*Arm.* This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meanest thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick;* the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Dost thou infamonize me among potentates? thou shalt die.

*Cost.* Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Most rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the Huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is moved. More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if a' have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Pregnant.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I bepray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies!

*Cost.* I'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt. 711

*Dum.* You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*Biron.* What reason have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward* for penance. *Shirtless.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

*Enter* MERCADE.

*Mer.* God save you, madam!

*Prin.* Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*Mer.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*Prin.* Dead, for my life!

*Mer.* Even so; my tale is told.

*Biron.* Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud. 731

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. [*Exeunt Worthies.*

*King.* How fares your majesty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I say. I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath: your gentleness
Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I understand you not: my griefs are double.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
Form'd by the eye and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which parti-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
Suggested* us to make. Therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
By being once false for ever to be true *Tempted.
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast* and as lining to the time: *Padding.
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote* them so. *Regard.

*King.* Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about the annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds*
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love, *Clothing.
But that it bear this trial and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,

I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woeful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
[*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?
*Ros.* You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd,
You are attaint with faults and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.]
*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?
*Kath.* A beard, fair health, and honesty:
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
*Dum.* O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
*Kath.* Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
*Dum.* I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
*Kath.* Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
*Long.* What says Maria?
*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
*Long.* I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are so young.
*Biron.* Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear* groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
*Biron.* A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
*Prin.* [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
*King.* No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

*Immediate.

*King.* Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Re-enter* Armado.

*Arm.* Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—
*Prin.* Was not that Hector?
*Dum.* The worthy knight of Troy.
*Arm.* I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.
*King.* Call them forth quickly; we will do so.
*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Re-enter* Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring: the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

The Song.

Spring.

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo: O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel* the pot. *Skim.

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs* hiss in the bowl, *Wild-apples.
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we this way. [*Exeunt.*

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